

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI, NO. 4804.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1900.

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STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest to People in This Part of New Hampshire.

Stanley Lydecker of Upper Bel Hook, N. J., who played shortstop upon '96 and '97 Phillips Exeter nines, has been chosen captain of next season's Williams college baseball team.

The degree of D. D. has just been conferred upon the Rev. George E. Street, pastor emeritus of the Phillips church of Exeter by Dartmouth.

Nellie Miles Military band of Lynn, Mass., will furnish the concerts at Hampton beach, Sunday.

John Elliott and Miss Alice Heigh of Exeter were united in marriage at St. Michael's church this morning by Rev. Fr. John Canning.

Governor Rollins and family of Concord are making arrangements preparatory to going to the beach for the balance of the season.

Grass hoppers are so thick in East Concord that a prominent farmer in that section has a machine for catching the pests and he recently caught three bushels in one day.

It is said that Captain Mason of Co. C of Concord is looking for a private who deserted during the recent encampment. It is said that the private was placed on guard duty and that he left his post and was not located until Thursday.

In the Nashua police court, Frank R. Marshall, a stranger who has been working a sort of confidence game, was held under \$300 bonds on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences.

On Tuesday about twenty operatives in the finishing room of the Pitman Manufacturing company of Laconia, made, it is understood, a demand for more pay, and as this was refused they promptly quit work. The difficulty, however, has been settled and they returned to work.

After a rest of four days, the referees in the Amoskeag tax abatement case, Hiram W. Colby of Claremont, chairman, Samuel W. Emery of Portsmouth and ex-Mayor Felker of Rochester, came in Thursday morning and the hearing of the corporation's petition was continued.

Frank O. Clifford of Dover, 28 years old, had a remarkably narrow escape from drowning, while bathing in the Upper Cochecho river, Thursday evening.

A convention of the Rockingham County Women Christian Temperance unions was held in Seabrook, Friday. A large number of delegates were present from Plaistow, Epping, Newfields, Exeter, Portsmouth, North Hampton, Hampton Falls, Newburyport, Amesbury and Salisbury.

What might have been a disastrous fire was discovered and extinguished just in time Thursday noon at No. 1 mill in Dover.

IN BOSTON HARBOR.

Steamship Must Leave Half Loaded Because the Water Is so Shallow.

"Give me three more feet under the keel of my ship, and that is all I ask for," said Capt. Alexander McKay, F. R. G. S., of the steamship Ivernia, Wednesday afternoon, when speaking on the needs of Boston Harbor to a number of friends who sat with him at dinner.

"I cannot load the Ivernia to within 3,000 tons of her carrying capacity on this her maiden trip to this port on account of the lack of water in your channel. When I last sailed from New York I put her down 32 1/2 feet, while here I cannot go below 30 feet, which means a great loss in cargo."

And this is the great harbor that the Boston Herald compares with Portsmouth's deep water. Capt. McKay might load his steamship here to the fullest capacity and then go out through the narrows with thirty feet of water to spare at low tide.

KEARSARGE GIFT CONTRIBUTIONS.

The following are recent contributors to the Kearsarge and Alabama gift fund:

David Urich, H. C. Hopkins Co., F. R. Garrett, W. H. Smith, F. F. Grant, J. E. Richardson, J. E. Milton, Geo. R. Palfrey, Electric railroad employees: F. E. Webber, A. T. Hackett, A. R. Betcholder, T. J. Burke, F. P. Coleman, Thos. Hutchings, Geo. H. Seavoy, H. S. Nelson, Arthur T. Smith.

TEA TABLE TALK.

The path of the poor lady who start out this summer actuated by an eager desire to pluck a few pound lilies promises to be rather thorny. Several of the youngsters have been hauled up by the officers of the law for daring to disturb the pretty things from their repose on the surface of the water. Forsooth, the world is growing cruel, cruel, and young America may well wear a disconsolate look.

That arrest in the Sprague murder case at South Berwick, which Deputy Sheriff Miles prophesied, last Monday, would occur before the end of this week, will have to hurry up, for another Saturday night is almost here. To tell the truth about the matter, the general impression among those interested in the case, is that no arrest will be made at all.

The fashionable game of golf is proving a real bonanza to the enterprising small boys in Rye. I hear that a lot of the "kids" down there are making a dollar or two each day by lugging around golf sticks for the players. These smart caddies will grin and turn up their noses when you ask them what they think of the game, but they will add that it's "just like finding money."

On a trolley car of the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury street railway, at Hampton Beach, I had a little chat with Mr. Ross, instructor in athletics at Phillips Exeter, Wednesday. I asked him about the reported agreement between Exeter and Andover to play three games each year instead of one only. Mr. Ross said that the proposition, which came from Andover, was being considered at Exeter and he thought that some arrangement of the sort might be effected.

Said a local sporting man to me, on Thursday: "The silliest yarn that I have read in a long time is that one in today's papers about Corbett having signalled Rahlin the proper blows to make, throughout his fight with Sharkey. It is positively childish. Who believes for a minute that a fellow engaged in a tough finish fight and up against a brawny chap like Sharkey is going to have time to keep looking around at a prompter in his corner, and then pick out the exact punches tipped off to him? That story is ragged."

The unsightly and too often discordant hurdy gurdy was raised to quite a respectable plane of usefulness on Thursday afternoon, at a lawn party of the Rebekahs on the Gray farm. The one secured for the occasion proved unusually melodious and the repertoire satisfied everybody. In other cities these hurdy gurdy parties are a much greater fad than they are here. Fogg.

MAINE NOTES.

The first drowning accident of the season at Old Orchard beach occurred there on Thursday afternoon, when R. D. Blood, a southern man, was drowned while bathing in the surf in front of the hotel Fiske. Mr. Blood was a guest at the Sea Shore house.

All proprietors of billiard rooms in the city of Biddeford have been notified that they must pay a license.

Thursday was trolley day on the Lewiston, Brunswick and Bath railroad, the receipts being given to the Central Maine general hospital.

Severe electrical storms have prevailed throughout the state.

The dog officer at Biddeford has killed 145 unlicensed animals.

The quiet town of Kennebunkport was thrown into a whirl of excitement Monday night, when an attempt was made to apply a coat of tar and feathers to a barber who does business in the Brown block in Kennebunkport. The tonsorial artist escaped the sensation of having tar and feathers put on his body, but he was roughly handled by a mob of people who drove him out of town.

Hon. and Mrs. Thomas B. Reed of New York will open their cottage at Grand Beach the first of July.

Clinton Stevens of Curtis Corner recently caught a mud turtle that weighed forty pounds.

The Winterport creamery is taking about 1,000 gallons of cream a week, for which it finds a good market.

HAMPTON ELECTRIC CAR TIME.

Until further notice cars will run to connect through to Hampton every hour from 9:05 A. M., until 9:05 P. M. This service will continue until otherwise ordered.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

Brief Notes From Kittery Gathered For Herald Readers Today.

Dr. M. Victor Safford, inspector at the port of New York, is passing a brief vacation at the home of his parents, Hon. and Mrs. Moses A. Safford.

Jotham H. Gerry has been granted an increase of pension to \$10 a month.

Died in Jerusalem, Palestine, March 29, Benjamin Durgin, aged 82 years, who was a former resident of York and Kittery. Mr. Durgin is well and favorably remembered by many as a stone mason.

State Agent Stackpole of the Maine Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been investigating some charges against a band of gypsies at North Kittery. He returned to his home in Saco on Wednesday evening, after he had learned that the charges were not true.

Harlow Parsons has been appointed assistant baggage master at the Kittery Junction station.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Deannett are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah McCobb, Pleasant street.

Mr. D. M. Stewart has gone to York Beach, where he will clerk at the Fairmount house during the summer.

Mrs. Fred Noyes and son, Philip, are the guests of Mrs. W. J. Hobbs at Rockport, Mass., this week.

Charles Seawards is the guest of his mother, Mrs. H. W. Trefethen, having recently returned from an extensive trip through the west in the interests of the Mergenthaler typesetting machines. He was accompanied on the trip by Mr. Harry Paul of Kittery, who is said to be one of the best machinists in the employ of the company.

Rev. J. B. Fenwick and wife of West Coughsack, Pa., are the guests of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Loucks, at Kittery Point.

Mrs. Jesse A. Tobey and grandson, Master Herbert Tobey, of Kittery Point, are passing a few weeks with relatives in Manchester, N. H.

YORK.

YORK, Me., June 28.

Theodore Jewett Eastman, Harvard '01, and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, both of South Berwick, were visitors in York Harbor Wednesday.

The estate of the late J. P. Norton is being appraised. J. P. Simpson, J. E. Staples, Dr. J. C. Stewart, W. M. Walker are among the appraisers.

H. E. Evans, manager of the York Cliffs Improvement society, was in Boston, Wednesday.

The Harmon House, York Harbor, will open Saturday.

B. F. Varrell, of Amesbury, is in town.

The commencement exercises of the grammar school will occur this evening in the Town hall. Rev. W. S. Boyard of Portland will deliver the address.

Class of 1902, York grammar school, has issued invitations for a reception at the Town hall, Friday evening, June 29. Dancing at 8. Music by Hoyt's orchestra of Portsmouth.

Another popular dance at St. Aspinquid park Saturday evening. Music by Cormier's orchestra.

Ralph Sanborn of New York, formerly of Portsmouth, stopped in York Wednesday on his way to Ogunquit and North Berwick by wheel. He was the guest of Ralph Hawkes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. M. Thayer of Boston are expected in York tomorrow to superintend the completion of their new cottage on York Heights, which they will shortly move into.

GREENACRE.

Miss Sarah J. Farmer, the genius of Greenacre, has been ill in Rome, Italy, and in consequence her arrival in Eliot has been somewhat delayed. The program of summer lectures has been arranged and on Sunday next Dr. Fillmore Moore of Santa Barbara, Cal., will lecture. The editor of Mind and the Arena, Dr. Charles Brodie Patterson of New York city, is to preside at the lectures and conferences.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL VESSELS.

The gunboat Newport has arrived at Newport, the cruiser Michigan at Put-in-Bay, the flagship New York and the battleship Kearsarge at Newport and the Oocela at New Bedford.

The Wompatuck has sailed from New Bedford for New York.

The battleships Indiana, Texas and Massachusetts are engaged in target practice off Newport.

The training ship Topeka will be ready for sea about Aug. 3.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

It is doubtful if the Sandoval and Alvarado ever return to Cuba.

The work of repairing the Franklin shiphouse has been completed.

The naval band held a rehearsal at the armory on Thursday afternoon.

There is a general belief that another detachment of marines will be ordered from this yard to Cavite.

It is expected that Rear Admiral Endicott of the bureau of yards and docks will arrange with the Boston and Maine railroad to construct the yard road.

The iron masts were removed from the U. S. S. Raleigh on Thursday by the construction force. The ship was moved by Chief Boatswain Hill and his men in order to permit the unstepping of the masts.

Capt. William H. Harris, U. S. N., head of the department of steam engineering, completed his duties at this yard on Thursday and at the same time brought his career as an active officer in the navy to a close, having been placed on the retired list. He came to this yard on March 17th, 1899, and has made hosts of friends who regret his departure. He is of the unassuming style of man with a desire to benefit his fellowmen and the importance of his department has increased under his careful direction. It has been the good fortune of this yard to have up to date and hustling men ordered here and but few sticks, and Captain Harris is one of the hustling class.

HURDY GURDY PARTY.

The social event that took place at the Gray residence on Granite State avenue, Tuesday afternoon and evening, under the auspices of the Fannie A. Gardiner Lodge of Rebekahs, was a great success. It was in the form of a hurdy gurdy lawn party, the musical machine occupying the center of the lawn. There were swings and settees in profusion. The lawn was prettily decorated with festoons of bunting. In one corner was sold candy, while opposite was the cake table. Ice cream was sold at small tables dotting the grass. During the evening little Blanche Bell gracefully danced the minuett, being accompanied on a piano by Harry Wendell. James Medcalf rendered some fine solos on the xylophone. The crowd returned to the city on the late cars.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Cadets B. G. Bartholow, J. C. Kress, C. A. Gardiner and C. T. Wade to the Chicago, sailing from New York, July 5.

Cadets E. P. Searse, E. H. Dodd and H. C. Cooke to the Philadelphia, July 12.

Cadets C. P. Huff, E. E. Scranton, R. Morris and H. T. Winston to the Iowa, July 12.

Lieutenant Commander J. C. Colwell, order of June 5 modified to take steamer on July 10 from San Francisco to Asiatic station instead of June 30.

Chief Boatswain P. Haley to the Richmond.

REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE.

Secretary L. G. Hoyt of the republican state committee will call the state committee together on July 16th at nine o'clock, in the evening, at Concord, to arrange for state, congressional, county, senatorial and councillor conventions.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach and bowels.

The Non-Irritating Cathartic

Easy to take, easy to operate—

Hood's Pills

Lawn Mowers

AND

Grass Knives Sharpened.

G. B. CHADWICK & CO. MACHINISTS, 11 BOW ST.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.

We Are Now Receiving Two Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE

HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER 137 MARKET ST.

Why try to stick things with something that doesn't stick? Buy **MAJOR'S CEMENT**; you know it sticks. Nothing breaks away from it. Stick to **MAJOR'S CEMENT**. Buy once, you will buy forever. There is nothing as good; don't believe the substituter.

MAJOR'S RUBBER AND MAJOR'S LEATHER. Two separate cements—the best—indicated on having them. ESTABLISHED 1875. 25 and 35 cents per bottle at all druggists. **MAJOR CEMENT CO., NEW YORK CITY.**

UP-TO-DATE BOOTS AND OXFORDS

DUNCAN'S, 5 Market St.

Our **OXFORDS** are the handsomest, easiest, coolest and most up-to-date shoes made.

An inspection will convince any man or woman that we are justified in saying we have the finest and most fashionable leathers, most correct and latest shapes. All prices from \$1.25 to \$5.00.

SEYMOUR IS RELIEVED.

Announced in Late Bulletin From Chefu.

MINISTERS REPORTED EXPELLED.

According to British Consular Agent Sir Robert Hart—At Any Rate, They Have Left the Capital and Are Now With Seymour.

Chefu, June 28.—Admiral Seymour's expedition has been relieved.

IN NICK OF TIME.

Seymour Was Hard Pressed—Urgent Appeal For Help.

London, June 28.—The foreign office has issued this telegram, received from W. R. Carr, consul at Tientsin, undated, but probably sent June 24 and forwarded from Chefu today:

"A note has been received by the commissioner of customs here from Inspector General Hart (Sir Robert Hart) at Peking, dated June 19, stating that the foreign legations had been desired to leave Peking within 24 hours."

This dispatch is interpreted in some unofficial quarters as tantamount to giving the ministers their passports and a declaration of war, but as China does not do things like other countries the official opinion is that there is nothing to do but to await the course of events and see what the ministers themselves say when they are rescued.

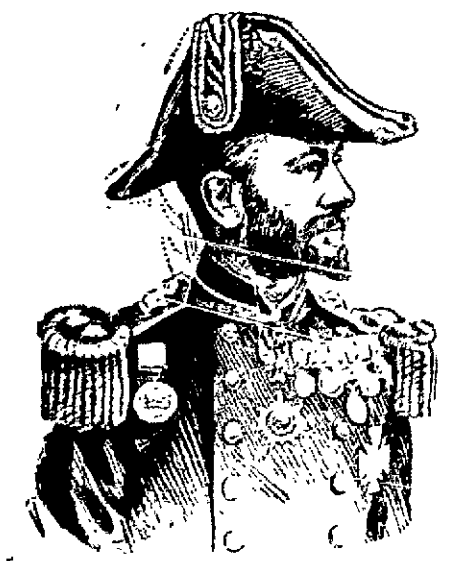
Seymour in Great Straits.

The composite brigade of 2,200 men which raised the investment of Tientsin and pushed on to help Admiral Seymour has probably saved him, but the news has not reached Chefu, the nearest way point. The last steamer arriving at Chefu from Taku brought this message, dated Tientsin, Monday:

"The Russian general in command of the relief force had decided, in view of Saturday's heavy fighting and marching, that one day's rest for the troops was essential and that the advance should not be resumed until today. Meanwhile came Admiral Seymour's telegram, saying that his position was desperate and that he could hold out only two days. The relief started at dawn today."

Admiral Seymour, it is asserted by a dispatch sent by the German consul at Chefu to Berlin, succeeded in getting a message into Tientsin Monday. According to this he was eight miles to the westward and terribly harassed. He said he could hold out only two days and had killed and more than 200 wounded. He did not mention the ministers or officers from Peking.

The consul adds that the admiral asked for the dispatch of a relief column of



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.

2,000 men. This column left Tientsin Monday morning under Russian command.

A dispatch from Shanghai, dated Tuesday evening, says that communication with Admiral Seymour was opened by the Tientsin relief force on Sunday. Admiral Seymour was at that time said to be ten miles from Tientsin. Three hundred of the members of his party were reported ill or wounded, but only a few had been killed. They were short of provisions and were returning without having rescued the legations.

Europeans at Peking Safe.

The British consul at Anyu telegraphed to London that the Europeans at Peking are reported to be safe.

The French consul general at Shanghai on the other hand, reports to Paris that the foreign ministers have departed from Peking for the north, accompanied by Chinese escort. It is supposed that they are headed for Shanghai Kwan, following the course of the Great Wall. The French consul at Chefu sends practically the same advice.

Still another Shanghai report says Prince Tuan, head of the Chinese foreign office and father of the late Emperor, has sent the legations to Sianfu under escort. It adds that Kian in will be the new capital in the event of Peking being occupied by the international forces.

Heard Admiral Bruce reports to the British authorities that Admiral Seymour was reported to be ten miles from Tientsin, hampered with invalids and wounded and engaged with the enemy.

WU HAS NEWS.

Says Ministers and Guards Left Peking June 19.

Washington, June 28.—The Chinese minister called yesterday on the secretary of state and communicated to him the contents of a dispatch which he has received from the tsung-tsun at Peking.

It is dated June 19 and states that the foreign ministers had before that date asked permission from the legation guards to enter the city, which permission had been granted; that they subsequently asked that these guards be reinforced, which the Chinese government was not disposed to permit.

The dispatch then goes on to state that the consul general at Tientsin supposed to be the French consul general, had telegraphed to the viceroy of Chihli that the foreign admiral had demanded the surrender of the Taku forts and that the foreign ministers were shortly to leave Peking for Tientsin with an escort.

Mr. Wu's news appears to have been anticipated unofficially, as it relates to the departure of the foreign ministers from Peking. The minister says the dispatch reached him from Peking via Tientsin, the capital city of Shantung province. He is firmly convinced of the accuracy of the statements contained in his message. Secretary Hay is also inclined to credit the dispatch and was pleased to find that it was in part corroborated.

SAVED BOOTH'S LIFE.

THE GREAT ACTOR ALMOST DROWNED IN SACRAMENTO RIVER.

Pulled Out by a Starving Man Just in Time to Cheat Death—Rich Reward of Gold and Pleasure For Joe Murphy When He Was Young.

If Joe Murphy, the actor, had not been hungry and homeless one night in 1853, Edwin Booth, America's greatest tragedian, would have met death upon the very threshold of his career and the voice which thrilled countless thousands in after years would have been hushed and held in eternal silence by the waters of the Sacramento river.

"In 1853," said Mr. Murphy, "I was a waiter in a Sacramento hotel. I had gone to California in the days when the Golden State was winning her sobriety, and, like the rest, I quickly learned that 'all is not gold that glitters.' I drifted from one thing to another until I finally became a waiter—not one of these present-day attendants who sneers at you in disdain when you ask for the 'bill of fare' instead of the 'menu' card, serves you as if he were giving alms and flashes murder from his eye if you dare to accept your rightful change, but a good old time hustler who worked from sunrise until darkness and counted himself lucky if he wasn't sworn at or shot at by the armored cruisers who patrolled the hostilities of the Pacific slope."

"One day the hotel in which I was working changed hands, and the new proprietor immediately discharged everybody and of course I went with the rest. For the next few weeks I attempted to secure another place, but the town was crowded with stranded humanity, and the supply of labor was far in excess of the demand. After expending every effort I found myself finally without money, home or food."

"One night, or rather one morning, for it was three hours past midnight, I wandered down to the Sacramento river. There had been a flood, and I walked out upon the levees and watched the trees and sections of wrecked houses drifting by. According to the bulletins given out that night the river was rising at the rate of one foot an hour."

"I stood there alone, musing upon my hard fate and thinking I might as well be drifting by on the flood, when suddenly my attention was attracted by a dark object lying among some driftwood that had been entangled with the edge of the levee. At first I thought it was a beast. Then the thought struck me that perhaps it might be a human being. So I approached and discovered it to be the body of a man."

"The entire body was under water save one side of the head. Seizing the body by the shoulders, I dragged it up on the levee. The task was a most gruesome one. I picked the body up, but at once became so frightened that I was tempted to drop it and take to my heels. However, my nerve did not desert me, and I made for the barroom of the Eagle hotel, staggered in and laid the body on the floor."

"Four or five men who had just come down stairs from the gambling room were standing at the bar. The sight of a dead or dying man was not extraordinary in that locality, and so the party at the bar paid no particular attention to me until the drinks had been tossed off. Then Colonel Lansing, a great, six foot feller, turned and looked at me. 'Shot?' he asked laconically. 'No; drowned,' I replied. 'Anybody hereabouts?' 'Never saw 'im before.' 'Lansing left the bar and came over to where I was standing beside the body which was lying face downward. He turned it half way over with his foot and exposed the handsome profile to the light. 'On the instant he recoiled like one who had received a heavy blow.'

"Why, that's Ned Booth," he cried. 'I saw him play tonight.' 'At the second Booth' the other men left their glasses upon the bar and hurried to the figure on the floor. In a moment they had stripped their coats and were working like mad, chafing his wrists, and temples. A whisky barrel was brought out, and we rolled him upon it. Then the best bottle of brandy in the town was forced between the teeth, and we breathed more freely when Booth began to show signs of resuscitation."

"As soon as Colonel Lansing saw that Booth was out of danger he turned and looked at me. I anticipated a nice, short eulogy and an invitation to the bar. 'What were you doing with Ned Booth, you young scoundrel?' he asked in angry tones. 'Imagine my surprise. I slunk back from the giant boylike and huge my head. I was ashamed to tell them I had been starving.'

"Lansing, however, seemed to impute my silence to some other cause. 'What were you doing, boy? Answer me!' he thundered, grasping my shoulders. 'You don't s'pose I was trying to steal him? I said, 'No, gentlemen, if I had had a dollar or even 50 cents tonight Booth would have been drowned by this time, for I would have been abed in a sailors' lodging house.' 'Then I told my story, and Lansing seized one of my hands and examined it to see if I was telling the truth. He was satisfied with the evidence of my hand, whose appearance denoted that I really was a workman. His eyes expressed pity, and he looked at the others. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this boy has saved a great young actor's life tonight, and he's hungry.'

"Each man went down in his pocket and brought out a \$10 goldpiece, while Lansing passed the hat. He forced the money on me and gave me his card. When I called on him next day, another position in a hotel, better than the one I had lost, was found for me."

"Years afterward, when I got so that I didn't have to work from sunrise till darkness and heard Edwin Booth in his glory, I was glad I had been homeless and hungry out in California one night in 1853."—New York Mail and Express.

Retort Courtroom. First Stranger—What's your business? Second Stranger—Private attendant. First Stranger—To what do you attend? Second Stranger—My own business.—Chicago News.

Fourth Class Postmasters. Washington, June 28.—The following fourth class postmasters have been appointed: New York—Lamontville, Mrs. H. Roan; Willink, W. E. Fuller. Pennsylvania—Cora, A. J. Miller; Vicksburg, H. W. Dieckenderfer; Water-side, J. M. Woodcock.

San Juan, Porto Rico, June 28.—A meeting of the first executive council of Porto Rico will be held today. The meeting will be of an entirely preliminary character, and no routine business has been mapped out. There will simply be a formal organization of the council. The members will be the guests of Governor Allen, and they will be entertained at the military post after their adjournment.

Violent Earthquakes in Spain. Madrid, June 28.—Violent earthquake shocks occurred yesterday morning in Cordova and Malaga. The inhabitants, rudely awakened, rushed into the streets in terror. The phenomenon lasted seven seconds. At Malaga a few houses were damaged, but there was no serious accident.

Drawn In the Delaware.

Camden, N. J., June 28.—John S. Mathis, a member of the firm of Morris & Mathis, shipbuilders, of this place, was taken suddenly ill yesterday while swimming in the Delaware river opposite the shipyard and died after being carried out of the water.

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THEY ALL SAY SO

City and Town in the Un

to ask his fellow residents (by mouth the simple question) give him he would obtain the one answer he would read the statements now

published in Portsmouth, which this answer, it would surprise to note that they number 50 many more could be, and may be, but in the meantime ask a person you meet what cures it. The answer will be, Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is a citizen who endorses them:

Mr. William R. Weston, of Woodbury Ave., says:—"For a more I had kidney trouble, as attacking me more severely than in every instance I had more of ziness, backache, soreness over the hips, pains shooting up between shoulders or down the thighs, frequent action of the kidney and

got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin Block. Well, that's right to the spot; at once, I went for anything to approach them. I earnestly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills.

For sale by all dealers; price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's. Take no substitute.

Drink Only

The Pures

FINE OLD
 Ky. Taylor
 WHISKY
 If you want purity and richness
 in your Old KENTUCKY

born, 8 years old and our
and guaranteed pure
shipped direct from our warehouse
None genuine without our sign
both labels. For consumption
and all ailments requiring
OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR
superior. Sold by all first-class
grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery
month. N. H.

More than Seventy Million
sold in New England by the
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The best judges of tobacco
the best 10c. cigar on the market

extra fine flavor.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth
FRED S. WENDELL, J. H.
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NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street or at residence, near. Ne

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1900.

Gorman insists that he is a farmer, not a politician, these days. Well, who objects?

The man who does the most shouting on the golf links is not necessarily a howling swell.

Advices from Indiana are to the effect that the Washab got tired of hearing about its banks and left them.

The democratic kissing bug "sixteen to one," is warranted to raise bumps all over the forehead of prosperity.

Peace is making steady progress in Luzon, but there is still danger of another Tagal outbreak in the Kansas City convention.

Gov. Beckman, of Kentucky, will be a candidate to succeed himself. He would like to know for once just how it feels to be elected.

Fair-minded observers unanimously recognize the Chinese "Boxers" as exceedingly clever imitations of the St. Louis rioters.

Ex-Gov. Pattison in his latest revised version of Bryan says that the Nebraska is a conservative man. We won't say what Pattison is.

Further investigation tends to prove what we have all along suspected—that the democracy's apron strings and Atkinson's bonnet strings belong to one and the same costume.

Philadelphians have been so busy counting their profits that they haven't had time to respond to all the nice things said about their hospitality by the delegates. It came high but it was worth the price.

It appears that Li Hung Chang's programme of pacification in the Boxer troubles is to be chiefly a programme of decapitation. If any of the powers has any doubts as to procedure they are not shared by this determined old citizen.

It is natural that both British and American public opinion should be keenly interested in the dictum of so high an authority as Mr. John Henniker Heaton, that a cable rate of two cents a word is a commercial possibility and an international necessity between England and the United States, as against the existing commercial rate of twenty-five cents a word. But especially significant to us is what the declaration suggests in the matter of a Pacific cable—since the principal involved is the same wherever applied, and distinctions must be confined to detail. If it be true, as Mr. Heaton maintains, that so great a reduction is possible, he has furnished us with the most convincing argument yet evolved in favor of public as against private construction and control of a cable between our Pacific coast, Hawaii and the Philippines.

That "congress" of anti-imperialists vaguely scheduled to meet in "some place in the middle West"—probably Indianapolis—about August 1st promises to be quite an interesting affair. It is to be open to all comers, as the sporting men say. No matter who you are, or what your views, your presence will be a welcome addition. There is no need to bother with caucuses or primaries or any of the other formalities incident to the election of delegates to representative gatherings. All you have to do is to pack your valise, pay your railway fare and assume that your community would have picked you out as the one fit man to represent it had an opportunity for making a choice been afforded. Then if you don't like the proceedings you can pack off home again and forget that any such thing as a "liberty congress" ever assembled. In other words, the half-dozen never-satisfied-with-anything-ors who are constantly parading their own virtues up and down the country are offering inducements for an audience.

SEYMOUR FOUND.

He Was Surrounded By Hordes Near Lofa.

His Men Had Battled Brilliantly For Fifteen Days.

No Mention Of The Foreign Ministers Being With Him.

LONDON, June 29, 2:00 A. M.—The casualties of the international force in attacking Tien Tsin were: Americans, three killed, two wounded; British, two killed, one wounded; Germans, fifteen killed, twenty-seven wounded; Russians, ten killed, thirty-seven wounded. The gunfire of the Americans and British is described as beautiful. After the force had pushed on to the relief of Admiral Seymour, Chinese regulars under Gen. Nieh (says a Shanghai despatch) began to attack Tien Tsin fiercely and bombarded the foreign settlement with a terrible fire. American marines took part in the succor of Admiral Seymour. He was found surrounded by immense masses of Chinese, who were driven off by the relief force after a brisk fight. Seymour's men had made a brilliant resistance, never failing in courage for fifteen days of almost continuous fighting. For ten days the force had been on quarter rations. The column was surrounded two miles from Lofa. It was adjudged hopeless by Admiral Seymour to attempt to break through the Chinese hordes and he began a night retreat toward Tien Tsin. He vainly tried heliographic communication. Seymour's men captured a number of Chinese, some of whom said the legations in Peking had been burned and the ministers killed, while others said the ministers were imprisoned. Four thousand Russians left Tien Tsin after Admiral Seymour, but did not get in touch with him at all. Railroad communication between Taku and Tien Tsin has been restored. Preparations are being made to reinforce the relieving force. The fate of the ministers remains a mystery. If they are alive and unharmed at Peking, then the Chinese government deserves some credit.

Officials Are Concerned.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The officials here are concerned over the advices received to the effect that the ministers are not with Admiral Seymour's force. The fact that no word has come from Minister Conger for so long causes confidence to give way to fear.

Development: Meager.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The day's developments in Chinese affairs have been meager. It is the general opinion here that the few messages received—one from Admiral Kempff and another from Li Hung Chang—cannot be accepted as settling the very important question of the fate of the foreign ministers in Peking, their families and attaches. The secretary of the navy, by special instruction from the president, had been particular to cable Kempff to keep the department posted of all the happenings in the zone of disturbance, and the omission in his cablegram of this morning of any reference to the whereabouts of the ministers is thought due to the absence of any information at Taku, where the admiral now is with his flagship, the Newark. Minister Wu, who brought Li's telegram to the state department, could not explain the points of variance between the reports of the viceroys and those from other sources. He points out, however, that his information agrees closely with the despatch sent by Kempff yesterday, saying that the ministers were safe with Seymour.

HARDING'S COLLAPSE.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 28.—The Harvard Yale varsity boat race this afternoon was won by Yale, through the collapse of Harding, Harvard's stroke, who substituted for the disabled Higginson. From the very start to the three and a half mile flag it was a hair raising, heart breaking contest. Never for a moment was there clear water between the boats, many boating experts saying that not once in that distance was there a half length difference between the crimson and the blue. Harding gave out shortly after rounding the three mile flag. The other seven men pulled steadily on, but the race was lost. Yale had taken advantage of every second of Harding's disability and pulled across the line four lengths ahead.

Free Theaters.

In India the theaters are all free. The curtain rolls up at 9 o'clock at night and never comes down until 5 the next morning. It usually requires seven nights to present a drama. People generally take their beds with them and go to sleep between the acts. The favorite play in India is the presentation of the exploits of some god.

The Power of Observation.

Quilp—Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?

Sangster—No, but when a man is bald I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear his hat.

A favorite way of doing a lot of work is to lie in bed in the morning thinking about it.—Acheson Globe.

Scold head is an evener of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the games played in the National League yesterday:

Pittsburg 3, Philadelphia 0; at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati 2, Boston 7; at Cincinnati.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Forecast for New England: Showers Friday, Saturday fair, brisk southwest to west winds.

NIGHT MEMORANDUM LAMP.

One of the Varied Uses of the Incandescent Electric Light.

"Many of my best and most valuable and most merchantable thoughts," said a man who writes things for a living, "come to me after I have gone to bed at night. It is true that I carelessly go to bed at night and then keep me awake, but not often. That is usually my time for building castles in the air and for having people leave me fortunes and for conjuring up all manner of good luck, and in this joyous mental atmosphere I often have happy ideas that can be worked up and turned to account."

"Formerly before I went to bed I used to put my idea pad, with a pencil by it, on a shelf in the adjoining room near a gas jet, left burning low, as I didn't want a light in my sleeping room. When an idea struck me, I would get out of bed, go into the next room, turn up the light, make a note of it and go back to bed. But I didn't always do this. I wasn't what you would call lazy, but it was a very cold night or I was very tired I would say to myself that I thought I could remember that, and so I would take the chances, and then every time I would forget it. I don't know how much money I lost in this way, but a good deal."

"But now! I have a little table at the head of the bed with the pad and pencil on that, and hanging down over it an incandescent electric light. I don't have to get out of bed at all. I have only to turn the key of the shaded light, pick up the pad and jot down the idea. Then I put the pad down on the table again and turn off the light."

"Now I lose nothing. I suppose I must have saved enough the first week to pay for putting in the light, and everything that I save in this way is just so much clear profit."—New York Sun.

Fred Knew How to Do It.

"For several years I could see nothing very funny about it," laughed the young wife, "but I realize now that there was an amusing side to it. I was young yet, fond of company and rather infatuated with the foolish idea that I would never marry. At any rate I proposed to have a good time before I settled down and all young men of my set were pretty much the same to me."

"Before I had come to realize it Fred was at the house two evenings in the week besides taking me home from church. This was not in accordance with my plans, and I told him, more directly than I should perhaps, that he was getting too frequent. I also showed him in numerous little ways that he could not monopolize me. He took the hint, and you can leave a girl alone for discovering that such an experience does not set well with a young man."

"But Fred was very matter of fact, and I soon found out that I did not understand him. After we had not seen each other for some time he walked home from church with me one evening."

"I have been thinking this thing all over," he said abruptly. "I had made up my mind to ask you to marry me, but now I'm convinced that you won't suit."

"As soon as I left him I realized how I could have told him that he was flattering himself and that he had only spared me the annoyance of refusing him, but the truth is that I never answered a word. And the strangest thing to me is that just as soon as he said that I would not suit I was anxious to prove that I would. Inside of three months he had proposed."—Detroit Free Press.

De Maurier's Account of His Blindness.

Moreover, certain physical disabilities that I have the misfortune to labor under make it difficult for me to study and sketch the lusty things in the open air and sunshine. My sight, besides being defective in many ways, is so sensitive that I cannot face the common light of day without glasses thickly rimmed with wire gauze, so that sketching out of doors is often to me difficult and distressing."

I mention this infirmity not as an excuse for my shortcomings and failures—for them there is no excuse—but as a reason why I have abstained from the treatment of so much that is so popular, delightful and exhilarating in English country life and sports.—Georgina Maurier in Harper's Magazine.

Siberia's Gold.

All efforts to obtain anything like correct information regarding the output of gold in Siberia have so far proved unavailing. No one outside of a few Russian officials is permitted to know.

The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, and yet only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter uses only a little fruit and some olives, yet he carries with ease his load of 200 pounds.

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GILT AND BUTTONS TRUMPS.

Solemn Denunciation Is Paid to Decorations in Europe.

"A uniform in this country," said a man who recently returned from a trip abroad, "is no especial mark of superiority and does not raise the wearer any higher in the estimation of the average citizen. In some of the European countries, however, and notably in Germany, a bit of gilt braid and a few brass buttons place a man away above his ungarlanded countrymen. The spirit of military discipline is so predominant in Emperor William's realm that a uniformed man, whatever his capacity, meets with instinctive deference from all classes of the people."

"I was forcibly reminded recently of the contrast between Germany and the United States in this respect. I wished to see Chief of Police McCullagh on a trifling matter, but thought I might meet with some difficulty as an ordinary private citizen in gaining an audience with him. On the contrary, I was admitted to his presence without delay, and in a few minutes my business was satisfactorily performed."

"When I was in Berlin, I had occasion to see a captain of police. Not speaking German, I was obliged to employ an interpreter. We proceeded to the police station together, but we had not got within 100 yards of it before my assistant began to get nervous. When we reached the station steps, he was fairly trembling in his shoes, and by the time we got inside he seemed almost ready to drop. He took off his hat and began bowing at the door. He bowed himself all the way across the room to where the great official was seated behind a desk. The captain's answers were short and curt. When we had gained the information we sought, the interpreter started to bow himself backward out of the room. Like a green actor going off the stage in the same way and bucking against the scenery, the poor fellow steered injudiciously and went thump against the wall. This confused him greatly, and before getting on his hat when he finally got outside he stopped to wipe the perspiration from his face."—New York Mail and Express.

THE CORSICAN VENDETTA.

The Average Corsican Evidently Believes in His Own Law.

The Corsican has no confidence in legal justice, and he generally takes the law in his own hands. An insult is offered or a political dispute arises. What is easier than the discharge of a gun or a stab with a dagger? The result is a mock trial. The assassin is acquitted because of insufficient evidence, but he is often shot to death as he leaves the courtroom. If not, a cross is generally drawn upon the door of his house. The cross is a threat of death, and the threatened one need expect no quarter. The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Even collateral branches are not exempt, and women must take their chances with them. Indeed, revenge is more artistically complete when the blow falls upon the beautiful and gifted. Threatened persons remain shut up for months, or even years, in their houses, built, as all Corsican houses are, like a fortress. The ground floor is occupied by the stable, and the first floor is reached by an external ladder, overlooked by a loophole, from which a cannon ball or a heavy stone can be dropped on the head of an unwelcome visitor. If the voluntary prisoner wishes to go out for a moment to breathe the fresh air on the threshold, a scout goes before and reconnoiters. And this death in life continues until they meet their doom or the vendetta is formally closed by a written treaty between the parties.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Ginger Habit.

"What is it I am chewing?" asked the man coming out of the drug store in response to a query from his companion. "Why, it's ginger root, and it is a fine thing to nibble on between meals. It is a great tonic, too, and a digester. Will you have a nibble?" And he extended a bit of the root to the other man.

"Thanks, no," said the other. "How long have you been doing it?"

"Couple of years or such a matter."

"Have you tried to quit it since you began?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"Suppose you try to quit."

"Why?"

"Simply to test the strength of the ginger habit. I had it once. A friend of mine talked to me just as you are doing, and I, thinking it was a harmless kind of thing, bought a nickel's worth and tried it for indigestion. I think it was. Anyhow, whatever it was, I tried the ginger, and before I knew what I was about it was as necessary for me to have ginger root to chew on as it is for a tobacco chewer to have tobacco. Its stimulating effect had become a need I had to meet, and as soon as I felt the force of the habit I proceeded to break myself of it. I did it, as any habit almost may be got rid of, but I want to tell you it was no easy job, and if you doubt me just you throw that away you have and try going without it for a week."—New York Sun.

The Story of the Bow.

At a Dublin county court recently I was very much interested in the following case:

Judge—Who is it that brings the allegation against the prisoner at the bar?

X 99—Plaza, y'ur wurshup, Oi'm the allegator.

Judge—What's the charge?

X 99—Well, plaza y'ur wurshup, Oi was on my bato as usual when Oi saw a man with a box creating a disturbance in the road. "What are ye doing there?" says Oi. "Oi'm going to lave that box here," says he. "Shure ye can't lave it there," says Oi. "Well, Oi've left it there," says he. "Come out of that," says Oi. "Oi'm not in it," says he. "It's ag'inst the law," says Oi. "You're a liar," says he; "it's ag'inst the law!" With that Oi struck him and missed him. Th'n Oi hit him ag'in in the same place, but he hits me a blow on the nose wid his fist and says, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."—London Answers.

Luck.

Well—Do you believe there is any luck in a rabbit's foot?

Kid—Indeed I do. Why, I know a girl who used one to spread her powder with, and she married a man with nearly \$1,000,000.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The city of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, was founded 300 years ago by Juan de Onate, and there has never been a rat, a mouse or a cat within its corporate limits. The air is too high and dry for rodents and felines.

The deepest river bed is said to be the Niagara's under the Suspension bridge.

BUILD ON YOUR OWN LAND.

A Man Who Lost a House on His Neighbor's Ground.

This appears to be the moral of the decision of the supreme court of Minnesota in the interesting case of Coleman Bridgman, who was unfortunate (or negligent) enough to erect a house on what he thought was his own land, but which turned out to belong to a neighbor. The lower courts having held that he had absolutely no right or title to the house, he appealed to the final tribunal, but the legal principle applicable to the case is too plain and too well established to permit any deviation from it. The supreme court agrees with the lower courts in denying his claim either to the house or to lien against the lot on which it stands for its value. Even the removal of the structure without injury to the land would not be permitted by the law.

There is nothing novel in the ruling, but it shows that the law will make no distinction between the case of one who knows he builds on the land of another and one who honestly but erroneously claims title to another's land. The structure becomes part of the land when erected or while being erected, and the owner of the land gets the house. In some cases this fundamental doctrine of the law of real property doubtless involves some hardship, but the equitable principles concerning accident and mistake cannot be invoked to afford relief or redress. Departure from the law would perhaps entail more injustice than rigid enforcement thereof.

Let the man who intends building a house make sure he has valid and unchallengeable title to the lot which is to support it. When in doubt, defer building until the question of title has been thoroughly settled. Surely this is not too much to ask of men intelligent enough to have acquired property. Still, a high moral standard would compel a man deriving a substantial benefit from another's mistake to offer him of his own accord some compensation. The law will let him alone, but his conscience may not.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Chronic Doubting Thomas.

An infallible sign of extreme mental youth, ignorance of the world or rusticity is hung out whenever a man or woman assumes the chronic role of doubting Thomas. There is nothing that comes easier than demolishing the force of gravity lends a hand at that commonplace business. Anarchy is the most elementary of all theories. Any man can cut down an ant hill with one shove of his foot, but only the ant can build it up again. The typical critic sits aloft, a penny a liner Jove, frothing with words of contempt, forgetful of the sunny side of fair criticism in a painful (sometimes ludicrous) attempt to appear authoritative, often incapable himself, but ever ready to find morals so. The dyspeptic holds honest praise to be poisonous honey because his own alimentary canals refuse to work with sweets. The countryman, because he was cheated 20 years ago during his one metropolitan experience, looks with canny suspicion upon everybody of a city cut. The callow mind in ignorance of life points a pistol at it for fear of being shot first. There is a difference between experienced caution and callow distrust—one is an elderly man with keen, kind eyes, the other a fat boy with a swelled head.—National Magazine.

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Isles of Shoals S. S. Co.

SEASON OF 1900.

TIME TABLE.

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Portsmouth and Isles of Shoals.

STEAMER VIKING

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RETURNING, LEAVES APPLEDORE, Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6:30 and 9:15 A. M. and 3:25 P. M. Sundays at 8:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

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Reserve Committee, FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE and E. H. WINGHESTER.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, No. 4, K. G. R.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison I. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. H.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. of C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each month.

Officers—Geo. S. Kirvan, G. K.; W. H. Lyons, M. D., D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy Chan, James Whitman, Wardens; J. E. Meegan, Fin. Sec.; Victor J. Murphy, Rec. Sec.; Daniel Casey, Treas.

OSGOOD LODGE, No. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows and members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

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PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

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A Guide for Visitors and Members.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, No. 2, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursdays of each month.

PROHIBITIONISTS MEET

A Large Number of Delegates at Chicago.

WOOLLEY AND SWALLOW LEAD.

Contest for Presidential Nomination Narrowing Down—Platform Adopted—It Commends President McKinley in Strong Terms.

Chicago, June 28.—The national convention of the Prohibition party met in the First regiment armory, State street and Michigan avenue. Of the 1,034 delegates who were entitled to seats in the national convention more than three-fourths were in attendance when Chairman Oliver W. Stewart of the national executive committee called the convention to order.

Three avowed candidates for the presidential nomination are in the field—John G. Woolley of Chicago, editor of The New Yorker and a prominent platform advocate of the cause of prohibition; Hale Johnson of Newton, Ill., and Rev. Silas C. Swallow of Harrisburg.

Expressions of various state delegations rather indicate the nomination of Woolley for president and H. B. Metcalf of Rhode Island for vice president. The



REV. SILAS SWALLOW.

voting strength of the third prominent candidate for the presidential nomination—Hale Johnson of Illinois—apparently decreased rapidly during the day to the gain of Mr. Woolley, and it appears probable that the contest today will be narrowed down to Mr. Woolley and Rev. Swallow. The latter's friends, however, confidently assert that his nomination is assured, and a brisk contest may take place before the question of leadership is settled.

Chairman Stewart announced temporary officers as follows: Chairman, Samuel Dickie of Michigan; secretary, A. E. Wilson of Chicago; assistant secretary, John G. Woolley of Chicago; and reporter, John G. Woolley of Chicago.

Chairman Dickie made a brief speech, outlining the work to be done by the convention.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2:40 p. m. The report of the committee on credentials was not ready, and pending its completion the convention was entertained by instrumental and vocal music in which prohibition was lauded. Representatives of the Young People's Prohibition League of New York were also introduced and spoke briefly on the work of that organization.

The report of the committee on credentials was then presented by Chairman Johann, who stated that the committee had decided that only those delegates present with certificates duly signed were entitled to seats. There were 693 delegates actually seated, representing 37 states and territories. The report was adopted.

Homestead of Pittsburgh submitted the report of the committee on permanent organization and order of business. The report recommended Samuel Dickie of Michigan for permanent chairman and Colonel R. S. Chaves of Tennessee for permanent secretary.

Platform Adopted. The evening session of the convention was called to order at 7:35 p. m., but the committee on platform was still debating over inserted points, and it was not until after 9 o'clock that Chairman Chaffin appeared upon the platform.

The most interesting plank in the platform was the following: "We charge on President McKinley, who was elected to his high office by appeals to Christian sentiment and patriotic sentiment, and by a combination of moral influences never before seen in this country, that, by his conspicuous example as a wine drinker at public banquets and as a wine serving host in the White House, he has done more to encourage the liquor business, to demoralize the temperance habits of young men and to bring Christian practices and requirements into disrepute than any other president this republic has had. We further charge upon President McKinley responsibility for the army, navy, and all its dire brood of disease, immorality, sin and death, in this country, in Cuba, in Porto Rico and the Philippines, and we insist that by his attitude concerning the cantons and his apparent contempt for the vast number of petitions and petitions protesting against it he has outraged and insulted the moral sentiment of this country in such a manner and to such a degree as calls for its righteous uprising and his indignant and effective rebuke.

"We challenge denial of the fact that our executive as commander in chief of the military forces of the United States at any time prior to or since March 2, 1899, could have closed every army saloon, called a canton, by executive order, as President Hayes did before him, and should have closed them, for the same reason, which actuated President Hayes."

The platform was received with the wildest enthusiasm.

Andree Reported Safe. Berlin, June 28.—The Lokalanzeiger's Copenhagen correspondent says that a Norwegian paper publishes a dispatch from Varde, north of Finland, stating that the Arctic explorer Andree, who attempted to reach the north pole in a balloon, is safe.

Depew Off to Europe. New York, June 28.—Senator Chauncey M. Depew sailed for Europe on the steamship St. Paul. He drove down to the pier in a carriage, accompanied by his son and his niece. Mr. Depew looked in the best of health.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

A Horse It Is Strongly Developed Only Now and Then.

In passing through Bombay early in 1891 I bought a fine black Kutch pony and marched with him to Kampoos, in central India, 500 miles. The evening after arrival I dined with the cavalry regiment at the far end of the cantonment, over three miles distant from the house I had secured, but on leaving the mess-house, the syc having run off at once in advance, I found myself plunged in worse than Egyptian darkness without the least trace of surrounding objects. The pony nevertheless took me along the whole distance, in at the gate of my compound and up to the house door, although he had never been east of Bombay, much less acquainted with the cantonment of Kampoos.

My Victorian friend was at the time of the incident I am about to mention—some 30 years ago—engaged in breeding horses. It appears that on one occasion while driving a mob of horses down to Melbourne for sale he lost his way in the bush, and, wandering on through most of the day, vainly endeavoring to find his camp, had nearly arrived at the despairing conviction that he was hopelessly lost, as not infrequently happens in Australia. Feeling the horse he was riding rather rebellious on the bit to one side, it suddenly occurred to him that the animal had the sense of direction, and, trusting entirely to this, he threw the reins on his neck. The horse, turning right round, got soon into a lolling canter and brought my friend direct to his camp, situated as he had expected, some seven miles away. On many subsequent occasions my friend found this horse's sense of direction quite unerring. His experience, however, of the majority of horses which passed through his hands was that they either possessed the sense in a very low degree or not at all.

But what appears to me a still more remarkable instance of the sense in question was narrated by the same friend as connected with a horse he at one time possessed, which, reared by himself, showed signs of being under the influence of a lock and key and would keep him either in or out of his stable. On selling this animal to a planter who was then traveling right up to the north of Australia, over a thousand miles distant, he warned him that unless well secured en route the horse would almost certainly get back to his old stable. In a month or thereabout this actually occurred. The animal was one morning found in his stall little better than skin and bone, having, as my friend related, been in the stable for some time, right across a great part of the continent to his old home at the rate of over a hundred miles a day. On two subsequent occasions this horse got away from purchasers who, notwithstanding the information my friend gave of his past history, desired to possess him and returned from great distances to his old home, where he remained for the rest of his days, too clever to be parted with.

The Strathpey Reel.

It may be that the frequent stone circles and isolated "standing stones" in Strathpey do not speak so definitely of Druidical occupation as the guidebooks would have us believe; but, though we may find some other explanation of their origin, their history is not less interesting. The Strathpey reel, again, is said to have been invented by the Cummings of Castle Grant, while the song of Tullochgorum (said rather extravagantly by Burns to be the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw) was written by one Bishop of Longside, Aberdeenshire, to the old tune composed by the Macgregor for the maid of Tulloch.—Chambers' Journal.

Saving the Bait.

"Fishing!" said a man who lives near us. "Why, I went fishing in Scotland and caught the biggest string of oels you can imagine."

"There is the tandem oel that you have all heard of. When they go down or up the stream from their quarters for the winter or summer, they go in single file, one behind the other, like the general man. They leave exactly six inches of space between their noses and the tail of the oel in front. When an oel sees that the fellow ahead is lengthening this space, he springs forward and, seizing the tail of the offender in his mouth, pulls him back into place.

"I dropped my hook down right in front of a string of those tandem oels, and the bait was accepted, and I jerked out the oel. The one behind, seeing that the fellow ahead was running away, obeyed his instructions, and seized his tail to pull him back, and so also did the one behind, and so on to the last one, and I pulled them out hand over hand till I had a great mass of slippery oels about me."—Strand Magazine.

Accuracy Above Everything.

Magistrate—You are charged with burglary. These officers, it appears, caught you in the act. What have you to say for yourself?

Boston Crook (with great indignation)—Can it be possible, your honor, that these municipal hirings do not comprehend the meaning of ordinary English words? The alleged offense for which I am deprived of my liberty was committing a considerable lapse of time subsequent to the first ruse of duff down in the eastern horizon. Burglary is housebreaking by night. Not guilty, your honor.—Chicago Tribune.

How They Separated.

"What was the trouble?" they asked. "Why, you see," explained the friend of the family, "shortly after they were married she demanded autonomy, and he refused to consent to it. Then she rebelled, and now she says that nothing will satisfy her except absolute and complete independence."

Then they all understood how the oel happened to land in the divorce court.—Chicago Post.

BOTH HANDS SEALED.

A PECULIAR CLIMAX IN A GAME OF DRAW POKER.

The Tangle That Ensued Was Grimly Complicated, and Its Unraveling Was Decidedly Unsatisfactory to Those Interested.

"While I was in Louisville recently," said a New Orleans sporting man the other night, "I had my attention called to a massive old fashioned poker table which stands in one corner of the lounge room at a club much frequented by horsemen. On the green baize cloth, at opposite sides, are a number of curious little staves, in which minute fragments of red sealing wax can be seen on close inspection. The table is never used for card playing at present, and the story told in connection with it is really remarkable.

"One afternoon several years ago a party of four gentlemen, all at that time pretty well known in sporting circles, started a game of poker in one of the little back rooms of the club. They rocked along for several hours without doing much damage, one way or the other, when suddenly an exciting tussle began over a jack pot.

"In a few moments the man who opened it dropped out, followed by one of the others, leaving the remaining two players to fight for the spoils. One of them was a bookmaker from Chicago, and the other was a man from Syracuse who used to be a partner in a famous 'art gallery' bar. I don't care to identify them any closer than that. The Chicago man began the trouble by betting \$100, which the New Yorker saw and raised \$250. The bookmaker came back with \$1,000, and when he counted out the money he noticed that he had about exhausted his roll.

"That overdoes me," said the Syracuse man. "I haven't got \$1,000, or a quarter of it, in my leather, but if you'll give me half an hour to go out and rustle I'll stay with you till the cows come home."

"Well, the proposition, as the story goes, was accepted, and the question then arose as to what should be done in the meantime with the two hands. It was finally suggested to lay them face down on the table and fasten them there with sealing wax. The idea seemed good and was adopted. A dab of melted wax was dropped at the corners of each of the pasteboards, and both players stamped the seals with private marks. The New Yorker used a canker ring, the other a heavy metal impression with his thumb. The money on the table was locked in the safe, and both men thereupon rushed out to replenish, agreeing on an hour's limit.

"Now comes the queer part of the story. The bookmaker went straight to a personal friend who was proprietor of a certain big gambling house and borrowed \$2,500. He started back on a dead run with the money in his hand and while crossing the street was knocked down by a cab. One of the front wheels passed over his shoulder, and he was carried unconscious and taken to a hospital.

"Meanwhile the other player had hunted up a wealthy distiller of his acquaintance, told him in strict confidence what he had and was on the point of securing a loan when a constable walked up and arrested him on a charge of swindling. The case had grown out of some race track transaction, and there was really nothing to it, but it was enough to give him considerable annoyance, and it was late at night before he succeeded in fixing up his hand.

"Next day the condition of the bookmaker was still very serious, and as neither man had returned within the hour his friends insisted that the poker affair should stand just as it was until he got better. The Syracuse man wanted the stakes taken down, but the others would not agree, and a week or so later he was obliged to go home on some business. Meanwhile the table was locked in the cardroom, and nobody was allowed to go near it.

"When the bookmaker was able to talk, he protested vehemently against any division of the money. Let that game stand until I can go and play my hand out," he said. But he was never able to do it, and, after lingering nearly half a year, he suddenly got pneumonia and died. Less than a week afterward the Syracuse man was accidentally drowned while out boating with some friends off Long Island. That left things in a very peculiar situation.

"The manager of the club wanted to divide the money in the safe between the two estates, but the bookmaker's family, who were his executors, objected, vigorously, insisting that the last bet had never been called, and consequently the New Yorker had lost. Then the distiller, who had agreed to back his Syracuse friend, offered to make the call good, and the two original players who had dropped out and who were still in the city began to clamor for the return of their money, amounting to about \$50 apiece, on the ground that everything should be declared off on general principles. Altogether it was the worst mixed up affair that ever happened.

"Finally the matter was left by agreement to a prominent Louisville business man who knew nothing about cards, but had a high reputation for honesty and common sense. He declared that the two players who had dropped out had no claim on the pot, and, as nobody could remember exactly how the preliminary betting had stood, that two-thirds of the lump sum should go to the representatives of the bookmaker and one-third to the estate of the New Yorker. To prevent endless debates and squabbles in future, he also directed that the cards should be removed from the cloth, face down, and destroyed without exposure.

"These instructions were carried out to the letter, although it nearly broke the hearts of numerous friends of both parties not to get a look at the two hands. The cards were carefully detached one by one and burned in the grate without being turned over. After such an experience nobody cared to play on the old table again, and it was relegated to a corner as a curiosity. I'm told there was a good deal of wax on the cloth before it was dusted away, enough still remains to indicate the position of every card."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Reason.

"What is your favorite recitation?" asked the hostess. "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," answered Mr. Higgins with a promptness which was almost defiant. "Why, nobody recites that any more." "That's why I like it,"—Washington Star.

FOUR KINGS ON THE ROAD.

They Entertained Mr. Hay After He Had Discovered Four Jacks.

Mr. Ed Hay has no particular objection to this story getting out; anyhow, he can't help himself. When his friends—who are as the sands of the sea—twit him about it and solemnly offer to purvey to him all colors of gold bricks and large, plumbous bunches of green goods. "Well, I never laid claim to omniscience, did I?" inquires Mr. Hay, a trifle mournfully.

Mr. Hay went over to New York on a legal trip recently. He got into conversation with a couple of well groomed men in the smoking compartment. The two well groomed men did not appear to know each other (they never do in such cases made and provided), but they were interesting talkers, and Mr. Hay, being rather better than an interesting talker himself, and being also an innocent, guileless man of law, found these entertaining companions for a railway journey. After the train left Philadelphia one of the well groomed men suggested a little game of euchre, "just to pass away the time." The other stranger fell in with the proposition readily. So did Mr. Hay. Mr. Hay never lags when he perceives an opportunity to contribute to the entertainment of his friends and acquaintances. The euchre game, of course, was only "for fun."

After awhile one of the well groomed men emitted a well bred whistle upon picking up his hand.

"See what a double drawback that hand for poker!" he exclaimed, "but what a hand for euchre!"

Mr. Hay was scanning his hand when the man opposite him made this remark. The man that made the remark had dealt the hands, it needs to be understood.

"I was just about to give utterance to a similar ejaculation myself," replied Washington's popular all around man. "I've got a lallapalusa of a poker hand myself, now that you happen to mention it."

"Have, hay?" said the man across the table. "Is this your ace poker hand?"

"I don't see how I can conscientiously take a chance like this get by me, either going or coming," mused Mr. Hay, and he laid his twenty alongside the other man's twenty.

Mr. Hay's ace full on jacks was of course more looming than the other man's queen full on tens, and he showed his own twenty and his acquired twenty away in his wallet with manifest satisfaction and a beaming countenance. The man who had lost looked chagrined.

"Serves me right for betting," he sighed, and the trio resumed their innocent game of euchre. The euchre game went on pleasantly until the train was a few miles this side of Jersey City. Then, after dealing a round of cards himself, the other well groomed man, gazing rapt at his hand, gave a sudden twist in his seat and exclaimed:

"Holy smoke! If I caught a hand like this in a poker game, I'd never survive the shock."

Mr. Hay's countenance betrayed visible excitement.

"I am bound to confess," said he, regarding his cards, "that if I were to get a poker hand like the one I now hold it would require a highly trained chisel to pry me loose."

"Is it worth a hundred?" inquired the other man.

"Well, about that," replied Mr. Hay, and both produced their bills.

Mr. Hay's four jacks were good cards, but they had to make their respectful bows to the other man's four kings. Then the train rolled into the Jersey City station. Mr. Hay admits that he did not get to thinking until he had put up at his hotel in New York.—Washington Post.

He Knew of But One.

A couple of years ago De Scott Evans, the artist, took a trip to Jamaica, and upon his return to New York he exhibited a number of pictures that he had painted during his outing.

One day a man who had been looking through the studio stopped before a certain picture and asked:

"What does this represent?" "That," said Mr. Evans, "is a scene in Jamaica." "Jamaican?" echoed the visitor. "That's strange. I don't remember ever seeing anything like that in Jamaica."

"You have been there; then, have you?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, yes! I live there."

"Well, you surely must be acquainted with this place then. It is a street scene in the principal town of the island."

The man from Jamaica looked at Mr. Evans for a moment as if he thought the latter must be daff. Then he emphatically declared:

"I live in Jamaica, and there isn't a street in the town that bears the remotest resemblance to that picture."

"The mention of Jamaica as a town cleared away the mist."

"I see," said Mr. Evans, "you live in Jamaica, N. Y., don't you?" "Yes," replied the suburbanite. "Is there another Jamaica anywhere?"—Cleveland Leader.

More Torturers.

The idea of putting spectacles on a horse to make him lift his feet higher than he otherwise would because the glasses make him think he is nearer the ground than he is may be quite agreeable to those who think that the Creator made a mistake in giving the horse a tail, but every person who possesses the humanity, without which no one should be allowed to deal with animals, and who has the common sense to see what is right, will regard the proposition with disgust.

If the man wants only a "high stepper," let him buy the coach horse, which is bred for the purpose, and not try to make a coacher out of a cart horse. Still further, if he wants a horse that carries his head high, let him buy one of the proud kind, and do so by nature instead of one that has to be strapped up till his neck aches. But as to the tail, we believe that the law now recognizes the uses of that appendage as the horse's only defense against the torture of flies, mosquitoes and gnats and makes docking a penal offense hereafter, as it ought to be.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Politics a Poor Business.

No man, especially a poor man, should enter politics as a business, as a calling by which he is to gain his livelihood. An ardent interest should be taken in politics by every citizen, for politics is the basis of the administration of government—the protection of life and property, the levying and collection of taxes, the processes of the courts and the legislation of city, state and national affairs—but as a business it is the most unprofitable that any man can enter.—Nashville American.

Enterprise.

"Is your new traveling man enterprising?" "Enterprising? That man could sell a carved ivory card case to an elephant!"—Chicago Record.

BENEATH THE OCEAN.

The Effect Upon Islands of Lowering the Sea Level.

In an interesting article in The Nineteenth Century, A. D. Crouch brings together and discusses all the most recent information concerning the aspect of the world beneath the ocean. Although the oceans are by no means of uniform depth, the result of numerous surveys shows that the bottom of the sea does not present so many striking irregularities as the surface of the earth. Except for the islands of volcanic origin and some coral patches, the bed of the Atlantic is an undulating plain of nearly uniform flatness and may be better compared to a tray with a sharply ascending rim than to a basin. The slope of the land, as a general rule, is continued out into the sea until it reaches a depth of about 100 fathoms, and then increases rapidly to 1,500 and 2,000 fathoms, reaching finally to the normal depth of 3,500 fathoms. The area between the 100 fathom line and the shore, usually known as the continental platform, is really submerged land, and if the sea level were suddenly lowered to that extent England would be connected by dry land to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Ireland, Orkney and Shetland.

Nearly the whole of the North sea, with the exception of some of the Norwegian firths, would be laid bare, while the coast of Ireland would be extended 100 miles to the westward. On the other hand, the raising of the sea level to the extent of ten fathoms would put a large part of Europe under water, as indeed has been several times the case with that continent. Not only in the Atlantic, but in the Pacific, on the west coast of North America especially, the continental platform rises abruptly from the margins of the sea and extends for miles inland, the phenomenon is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory of the permanence of the great ocean beds.

The sea level may be taken as the relief equator of the globe, almost equidistant from the highest land elevation and the lowest depth of the sea. But while the average height of the land is only 1,000 feet, the average depth of the water is 13,000 feet. Hence an enormous disproportion exists between the mass of land above the sea level and the volume of water beneath. Taking the area of the sea as compared to the land as 29 to 1 and multiplying by 13, the number of times by which it exceeds it in depth, the total volume of ocean water is 36 times the volume of the land above sea level.

EASTER ISLAND.

Strange Stone Heads Erected In Honor of Distinguished Chiefs.

Mr. C. F. Holder writes for St. Nicholas a story of life in Easter Island in the south Pacific, entitled "The Festival of Eggs." It is the custom for the natives every spring to have a contest to see which one can first swim to an outlying rock and bring back unbroken a sea gull's egg. After describing one plucky victory won by the king's son, Mr. Holder says:

"As a legend of the contest of interest for the remainder of the day, many gifts and favors fell to him, and he sat in the seat of honor next to the king at the dance and the merry makings on that and succeeding nights.

Kaitao was much more intelligent than many of his comrades, and while he joined in their games and pastimes he was much enjoyed listening to his elders when they related stories of the wonders of Waifu in the olden time. He learned that in those days the island was inhabited by many tribes of men, all under the strictest rule, and that the curious platform monuments that have since made Easter Island famous over the entire world were long before erected by his ancestors, just as in our parks we set up statues to commemorate our own distinguished men, and that the platforms were tombs as much revered by the natives of the island as Westminster abbey is revered by patriotic Englishmen.

During the boyhood of Kaitao several strange ships bearing white men visited the island and traded with the islanders. But some difficulties occurred between the people of his people were killed, and once a horde of native enemies came in canoes, drove them to their hidden caves, destroyed their homes and killed hundreds of the people. When Kaitao and his friends came out from their hiding places, they found the statues in many cases thrown down or broken in pieces and the tombs destroyed. The heads of the images weighed tons and many could not be replaced, and there they lie to this day prone upon the site of the great volcano.

A descendant of King Kaitao, also bearing his name, is now a few years ago still living at Easter Island—an old man over 80 years of age, who delighted in talking to foreigners of the wonders of his native Waifu in ancient days.

Women In Burma.

Burma must be an ideal place for women, according to Mrs. Ernest Hart, who, as one who has spent some time in the country, describes the past and present of this picturesque land in a book which she has published. Says Mrs. Hart: "Women in Burma are probably freer and happier than they are anywhere else in the world. Though Burma is bordered on one side by China, where women are held in contempt, and on the other side by India, where they are kept in the strictest seclusion, Burmese women have achieved for themselves, and have been permitted by their men to attain, a freedom of life and action that has no parallel among oriental people."

The woman is as often as not the breadwinner, and what she gains is her own. "Things are strangely reversed in Burma, for here we see man as the religious soul of the nation and woman its brains." The making and breaking of the marriage tie is a somewhat free and easy affair. "A girl cannot marry before she is 20 without the consent of her parents or guardians. Should she not, however, obtain the consent, the marriage is considered valid after three elopements. In Burma the women are treated as in all respects the equal of the man in the marriage contract."

Iron In the System.

It is often said that there is iron enough in the system of an ordinary man to make a plowshare. The statement is exceedingly wide of the truth. The amount of iron contained in the animal tissues of a man weighing 150 pounds is about 100 grains, or a quarter of an ounce. Yet so important is even this small amount to the system that a difference of a few grains more or less may produce serious constitutional disturbance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Easily Misled.

"Who is that man who is eternally talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is it the minister?" "Minister! That's an insurance agent!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DON'T FORGET

Don't forget to use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription for that back-ache.

Don't forget that over half a million women have been cured of women's ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Don't forget that "Favorite Prescription" cures diseases of women in their advanced and chronic forms; cures often when all else has failed. Don't forget that you can consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. Tell your story frankly. All correspondence is private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't forget to write to Dr. Pierce to-day, if you are sick from diseases which afflict women.

"I wrote for advice February 4, 1896," writes Mrs. Lewis H. H. of Cleveland, Ohio, "I was unable to sit for ten minutes at a time, and was answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicine, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the back-ache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day hard work."

Paper-bound edition of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address as above.

THE

FRANK JONES BREWING CO.

OF PORTSMOUTH N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

OLD INDIA-PALE ALE.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice cooling taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are weak find that a glass taken at night secures them a refreshing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is sold by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

It is out up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co.

NEWFIELDS, N. H.

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COAL AND WOOD

[O. E. WALKER & CO., Commission Merchants]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

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GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE

Leave Ferry Landing—8:00 a. m., 8:30, 9:00, 9:15, 10:00, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:45, 5:15, 7:00, 8:45, 10:15 a. m., 12:10, 12:30 p. m., Holiday, 10:10, 11:30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8:10 a. m., 8:30, 8:50, 9:10 a. m., 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:20, 5:00, 7:00 p. m., (Wednesdays and Saturdays), 8:45, 9:30, 10:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 12:45 p. m., Holiday, 10:10, 11:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m.

For special and extra cars address

W. G. McLaughlin, Gen. Manager.

Dr. DECKER'S SHAKE NO MORE

See a bottle of Dr. Decker's or direct from Dr. Decker Medicine Co., Patterson, N. J.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Summer Arrangement, June 25th, 1900.

Trains leave Portsmouth
For Boston, 3:50, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 10:35, 11:05 a. m., 1:25, 2:21, 3:05, 5:00, 6:35, 7:27 p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00 a. m., 2:21, 5:00 p. m.

For Portland, 7:35, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 5:25, 11:20 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 8:50, 11:2

SHIRT WAISTS

That cannot be excelled for style, fit and workmanship.

50 cts. to \$3.25.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

Yes It's Stronger

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QUAD-STAY.

Sprockets always in line.

Road Racer, \$50;
Track Racer, \$60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

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BICYCLE STORE,

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SPRING DECORATIONS ARE
IN ORDER

Now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

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RENTS COLLECTED.

HOUSES RENTED.

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I am making a specialty of the above and solicit your patronage

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Real Estate and Insurance,
32 Congress Street.

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BEST 10c. CIGAR

In The Market.

S. GRZYMSKI, MFG.
Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

You are not so warm. Cascares. Globe Grocery Co. Let your boy celebrate the Fourth. Travel on the electric is surprisingly heavy.

Lovely weather for a day at the Seaside.

The lively stable keepers all report good business.

Officer Quinn arrested two drunks during the forenoon.

Friday is St. Peter's day on Episcopal church calendars.

Help for hotels at summer resorts continues to be scarce.

There was much local interest in the Harvard-Yale boat race.

The heat is booming travel towards the mountains and beaches.

A large number of guests arrived at the Wentworth on Thursday.

There was a decidedly great drop in the temperature during the night.

Portsmouth secured her charter as a city just fifty one years ago today.

The golfers are busy as bees on all the links in the surrounding neighborhood.

The husbands' train to York Beach will begin running one week from Saturday.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

Lime juice, just the thing for a cool drink, 10 cents a bottle at the Globe Grocery Co.

The cherry crop around here seems to be rather small this year as compared with last season.

California plums, 3 pound cans, heavy syrup, 10 cents a can this week at the Globe Grocery Co.

Hoyt's orchestra of this city will play at the reception and ball of the class of 1902, York High school, tonight.

An automobile attracted a crowd on Market square this noon. The water tank of the vehicle was being filled.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

Corn is about the only thing that really enjoys this weather. Such heat will make growing corn fairly jump out of the ground.

The usual immense bonfire that the residents of the Creek always have on the eve of July fourth will not be lacking this year.

The special sale at the Meat Department of the Globe Grocery Co.'s on Saturday only will be 2550 lbs. of Lamb at 7 cents a pound.

The team that will be put in the field against Dover at the bicycle park on Saturday will be about the strongest local combination possible.

A picture of Louis Wagner, the Shoshone murderer, attracts considerable attention in a window on Market street. The picture was found in an old box a few days ago and is a good print.

Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke of Newton, Mass., will preach at the Unitarian church on Sunday. The services will commence a few minutes later than usual owing to the fact that Mr. Hornbrooke will arrive on the train due here at 10.35 o'clock Sunday morning.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, June 29—Tug Hokendagua, Portland; United States ship Eagle, Cuba; tug William H. Gullison, Boston, towing barge Boies Penrose, for Eliot; schooner Sadie A. Kimball, do.; tug Piscataqua, Boston, towing barges Dover for York and Exeter and New Castle for Eliot.

Sailed, June 29—Schooners Hattie Lewis for Boston; O. H. Brown, coal port; tug Hokendagua and barge Barnegat for Perth Amboy.

CAN YOU TELL WHY.

You have constant headaches, are nervous and sleepless at night and feel tired in the morning? Your blood isn't carrying the right material to your nerves and other organs. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, and you will soon realize a change. You will feel better and stronger, will relish your food and enjoy refreshing sleep.

Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's Pills.

AT THE WEIRS TODAY.

Dr. J. A. Greene tenders a complimentary banquet to the White Mountain Travellers association at The Weirs today. About two hundred will be present.

No need to fear sudden attacks of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea or summer complaint, if you have Dr. Fowle's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the medicine chest.

AFTER A FORGER.

The Swindler of Local Merchants May be at York Beach, at Present.

Officer Letourneau of the Somers worth police force and a man named Harry H. Elgenberg of Boston were here on Thursday on their way to York Beach after a forger, alleged to be William Davis of Boston, who has been passing checks fraudulently.

The checks were signed "Harry H. Elgenberg" and were all for the same amount, \$16.75. Two had been issued to Capt. R. H. Hill, proprietor of the Somersworth hotel, and one to Messrs. Tapscott & Hourihane, proprietors of a machine shop.

The apparent ease with which Davis found and nailed his alleged victims was owing chiefly to the fact that he came there last May with Harry Elgenberg of Boston to assist him in shipping to Boston a lot of shafting, which had been purchased by Elgenberg from the owner of the old foundry plant. Davis was merely an assistant. At the time Mr. Elgenberg had some talk with Messrs. Tapscott & Hourihane of buying the machinery in their shop, but no bargain was made.

Last week Tuesday, it is alleged, Davis represented to the members of the machine firm that he was a partner of Elgenberg and came to close the deal for the machinery. The deal was closed Wednesday, Davis agreeing to pay a forfeit of \$11.75. He tendered a check for \$16.75, signed as above stated. It was accepted and he received \$5 back.

Davis stayed at the Somersworth hotel. A day or two after his arrival he presented one of the checks to Capt. Hill to be cashed, telling him that he was short of cash and his partner, whom he was expecting, had not arrived. The money was paid over without suspicion.

Last Sunday Davis said to Capt. Hill that the day was lonesome and he had decided to take a run down to York beach. He paid his board with another check like the first and received a certain amount back.

Wednesday evening Mr. Elgenberg went to Somersworth and on examining the checks pronounced them worthless. It is believed here that Davis is the same man who swindled Benjamin Magridge, B. F. Russell and other merchants.

PRICE OF COAL TO GO UP.

Said it Will Not Affect Retail Consumers of the Commodity.

The announcement that coal prices are to be advanced next week by the anthracite roads, following so closely upon the heels of the rise in ice and flour, is something that is calculated to give the average family man a cold chill, despite the existing hot wave.

Local coal dealers make the reassuring statement, however, that this advance is not likely to affect the retail price of the commodity. It is a matter that more intimately concerns the producers and wholesalers, and the advance has been made because of the fact that the margin of profit in handling anthracite coal has lately been such a small one.

There is a good supply of coal on hand in this city, and the demand is reported as very fair for this season of the year.

TO THE BEACH.

Outing of One of the Mission Schools of Manchester to York Today.

About one hundred and fifty pupils of the City Mission school of Manchester arrived here on the regular train from the Queen city this forenoon for York beach for an outing. The little ones, their teachers and some of the parents, were transported free, through the kindness of the officials of the Boston & Maine railroad.

The day will be passed at the beach and in the woods around St. Aspinquid park and it is a big day for the little folks. Every one was supposed to carry a lunch, and the city missionary, Miss Mattie Strong, who accompanied the party, saw that each was generously supplied, though they were not able to provide for themselves.

THE HAND TUB BOTHERS.

The Vets are having bother with the tub that they secured an option on, recently. On Thursday evening, for the second time, they took it out for trial, but practically no steam at all could be forced. It is thought that the trouble has at last been definitely located, and the "Mohawk Chief" will probably be put into working trim soon.

THE U. S. S. EAGLE HERE.

The U. S. S. Eagle, Commander F. F. Fletcher, U. S. N., commanding, arrived in the lower harbor on Thursday afternoon. Commander Fletcher reported to the commandant at 3.30 o'clock. The Yankton will arrive here in about ten days and they will remain here until about Oct. 1st.

MUNICIPAL.

A special meeting of both branches of the city government was held on Thursday evening, on a call from the mayor, for the express purpose of considering the appropriation bill, which has kept the council and the board of mayor and aldermen at loggerheads for some time.

All the aldermen were present and Mayor McIntire was in the chair. Councilmen Wood and Ayers were absent.

Mayor McIntire explained his object in calling the meeting and suggested that the proper procedure was to appoint a committee to meet a committee from the council in conference and come to some definite understanding about the appropriations.

On motion of Ald. Phinney, the mayor appointed Ald. Whitehouse, Pray and C. F. Wells as the committee, and declared a recess of twenty minutes while the conference was held.

The members of the council conference committee were Councilmen Pettigrew, Mathes and Nelson.

The twenty minutes' recess stretched itself out into almost an hour, the committee returning to the aldermanic chamber at ten minutes after nine o'clock.

Ald. Whitehouse, the chairman, reported that the two committees had voted to make the appropriation for school houses, \$2000; that of street lighting \$15,000 and police \$12,000.

Ald. Phinney moved that the report be laid upon the table, and the motion was seconded by Ald. Vaughan. The yeas and nays, asked for by Ald. Phinney, resulted as follows: yeas, Kirvan, Vaughan, Phinney, A. N. Wells; nays, Garrett, Pray, Blaisdell, Rand, C. F. Wells and Whitcomb.

Thus the motion was lost. Ald. Garrett moved that the committee's report be accepted and adopted. Ald. Phinney interrupted, as the motion was about to be put to the board. He spoke at considerable length of the proposed cutting of the appropriations and denounced it very emphatically.

He said he well understood that the city had large notes coming due about the first of July, of which fifteen thousand dollars was brought over from last year, for the reason that last year's appropriations did not meet the expenses. He asked if the city could afford to repeat the operation this year.

"For my part," he declared, "I think it is entirely wrong. And I shall vote against it." On the yeas and nays, Ald. Kirvan, Vaughan, Phinney and A. N. Wells voted nay, and the motion to accept the report of the committee was carried.

The appropriation bill as passed contains the following:

State Tax.....	\$21,225.75
County Tax.....	33,383.84
Interest.....	17,000.00
Salaries.....	7,275.00
Streets.....	20,000.00
Roads.....	2,000.00
Sewers.....	5,000.00
Sidewalks.....	1,500.00
Fire Department.....	13,500.00
Police.....	12,000.00
Street Lights.....	15,000.00
Schools.....	21,000.00
Schoolhouses.....	2,000.00
City Lands and Buildings.....	4,500.00
Public Library.....	2,700.00
Support of Poor.....	5,000.00
Sprinkling Streets.....	500.00
Health.....	900.00
Contingent.....	1,000.00
Sinking Fund.....	8,500.00
Collector's Commissions.....	1,700.00
Discount on Taxes.....	7,000.00
Cottage Hospital.....	500.00
Memorial Day.....	2,500.00
Hydrant rental to include all pay for fountain and all water used for purely municipal purposes, \$2,500 of this amount to be applied to a sinking fund.....	3,000.00

Here the council reported that it had accepted the report of the conference committee and was to adjourn in five minutes, subject to the call of the president, if no further business came up. Ald. Phinney brought up the Puddle dock issue. He wanted to know why the resolution passed several weeks ago, to clear out the sewer emptying into the South pond, had not been put into operation. Ald. Blaisdell rejoined that he had requested the street commissioner to wash it out and understood that it had been done.

Charles Tucker, one of the workmen who flushed the sewer trap at the corner of Pleasant and Macy streets, was called in by Ald. Phinney, and told the board that they had found the trap stopped up and attaching a four-inch hose to a hydrant, they had blown it out. Then going to the outlet of the sewer into the pond, they had found that the contents of the sewer came out through one of the pipes, which was broken, as well as out of the sewer.

Ald. Phinney stated that, on Thursday noon, the sewer was plugged up just as badly as it had been for three months. "The residents want this thing fixed," he added, forcibly.

"The street commissioner told me that he would do it," reaffirmed Ald. Blaisdell. "That's all I know about it."

Ald. Vaughan asked Ald. Rand, chairman of the committee on streets, if the work at Puddle dock and Liberty bridge was all finished. He said the spot was dangerous at present, there being no rail on the bridge. He moved that the

board instruct the mayor to go ahead and see that the nuisance was immediately abated.

Mayor McIntire urged the board to take some action for carrying out the resolution passed at a previous meeting. "The place is a nuisance," he said, "and ought to be abated."

"I can't stay there all day to see that it is done," chimed in Ald. Rand. Ald. Garrett moved that the whole matter be left to the committee on streets, and Ald. Blaisdell seconded it. Ald. Garrett didn't like the idea of hurrying the committee. He thought they would do the job, if they were given time enough.

Here came a nice little snarl. Ald. Phinney jumped up and claimed that Ald. Garrett was out of order. The mayor reminded the board that the meeting was called primarily for the consideration of the appropriation bill.

Ald. Garrett came to the center of the stage again with a motion to adjourn for two weeks.

Ald. Vaughan hurried down to the footlights and announced dramatically that he should sue the city, if the nuisance at Puddle dock wasn't abated at once.

Ald. Phinney was allowed to speak some more lines. He backed up his colleague, Ald. Vaughan.

The latter moved that the mayor be authorized by the board to fill in the dock, fence the bridge, and repair and grade the walks at the bridge. The board sat down on this motion, good and hard.

Ald. Garrett moved to adjourn for two weeks. Ald. Phinney moved, as an amendment, that the board adjourn for four weeks, or until July 26th.

Ald. Garrett consulted a calendar and said he shouldn't accept the amendment. Then he said that he would.

The vote on the amendment was favorable and the board of mayor and aldermen will give Puddle dock a rest for two fortnights.

VOCAL RECITAL.

Miss Whittier's Pupils Please Music Lovers at the Congregational Chapel.

The pupils of Miss Harriet S. Whittier gave a very successful vocal recital in the Congregational chapel on Thursday evening. Quite a number braved the intense heat to be present and they felt amply repaid for their pains, for the programme was notably excellent. The pupils were ably assisted by E. Scott Owen, baritone; Mr. Liebrook, violin; Mr. Liebrook, violoncello, and Lyman A. Perkins, accompanist.

The selections of the evening were all of the finest class. The pupils who appeared were: Miss Ricker, Miss Foote, Miss Randall, Miss Dame, Miss Hall, Miss Wendell, Miss Kimball, Miss Cotton and Messrs. O'Leary, Philbrick, Parker and Gray.

BASE BALL.

The Press club played the Wine clerks at the bicycle park on Thursday afternoon, and, contrary to the general expectation, rubbed it into them cruelly. The newspaper fellows made too many hits, as all three of the opposing pitchers looked alike to them, and the clerks made too many errors. That's the whole story of the game. The score was thirty-three to eleven. Notwithstanding the heat, a full game of nine innings was played. The attendance was fair. Soruton and Frank Woods did the umpiring and didn't get hurt. Both teams had plenty of loyal rooters, notable among them being Bill Allen, who threw out his chest enthusiastically for the Press club. Considering that the majority of the players on both sides hadn't handled a base ball or bat for years, the number of misplays was surprisingly small.

The following is the line-up of the Portsmouth team, as it will play the Dovers at the park tomorrow afternoon: Wilbur, c; Ira Newick, p; George Woods, 1b; Soruton, 2b; Powers, 3b; Smith, s.s.; Frank Woods, r.f.; Will Woods, m.; Polhemus, l.f. The visitors will bring down a crack combination, but this latest arrangement of the locals is confidently expected to pull out a victory. Two strong acquisitions are Ira Newick and Powers. Such a team as the above merits the most generous support that it is possible for the Portsmouth base ball cranks to hand out.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOL CONTRIBUTION.

The patriotism of the children of the Parochial school is shown in the following letter received by Vice President Fay of the board of trade:

June, 1900.
Dear Sir: I beg to enclose a cheque for twenty-five dollars, the amount received from the children of our Parochial school last week in aid of the "Kearsarge and Alabama tablets." The children were asked only for this amount, which they gave with much pleasure. Believe me
Very truly yours, etc.,
REV. E. M. O'CALLAGHAN.

GEORGE W. BUTLER.

Death of a Retired Business Man at His Home Rather Suddenly.

George W. Butler, for many years a busy business man and prominent in banking circles, passed away at his home on State street this morning at the age of seventy five years and eleven months. His death was rather sudden, although he had been in failing health for several years. For the past few months he had been conducting the real estate business of his nephew, Frank W. Butler, who is ill. He was able to be on the street, as late as a week ago, but suffered an ill turn a few days since, but was not considered in a critical condition.

Mr. Butler was a native of Vermont and when a young man came here to work in the general store of the navy yard under the late John R. Reding and filled that position until he was elected cashier of the National Mechanics and Traders bank. He remained an official of the bank until he resigned to go into business and opened the furnishing store now conducted by Mr. John Griffin and was quite successful in the business.

Since his retirement from the furnishing business he has not been active in commercial affairs, except in being interested in real estate. He was a man of sterling honesty, good business qualities and honorable.

He is survived by a wife and one daughter, Miss Alice Butler. He was an attendant at St. John's Episcopal church.

POLICE COURT.

Willie and Blanche Clark and John Tracey, Who Was in the Night Before.

John Tracey, the man who was fined in court on Thursday for drunkenness, stole the watch of the man who paid his fine. This object of ingratitude was arraigned in police court this forenoon, charged with stealing the gold timepiece of Timothy Quill, the article being valued at \$20. Tracey pleaded guilty and excused himself by saying that he was drunk when he did it. The court ordered bail in the sum of \$400 and in default Tracey was taken over to jail.

William and Blanche Clarke were also brought before the court, the former being charged with on assault on his wife and the latter with being drunk at her chaos like home on Hancock street. Both pleaded guilty.

Blanche had a big scab on her nose and in answer to the question of the judge how she came by it, said it was sunburn. The court gave her sixty days at Brentwood and costs of \$6.90. The same was suspended in her husband's case, on condition that he behave himself.

PERSONALS

F. J. Emerson is employed at the Appleton house.

Dr. H. Richards of St. Paul's school Concord, was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. Nellie Fletcher is passing a few days in Rochester, as the guest of friends. Clarence Hoitt of this city and Miss Dora Brown of Rye were married here early in the week.

Miss Annie Fitzgerald of Woburn, Mass., is the guest of Miss Bernadette McCourt, Langdon street.

Prof. George D. Whittier is to furnish music for Young's hotel at York Beach the coming summer.

Mrs. J. T. Walker, Master J. T. Walker and Miss Josephine Walker of Concord, are visiting in this city.

The family of Geo. E. French have leased a cottage at York Beach and will occupy it during the summer season.

Robert W. Hoyt of Harvard college has arrived home to pass his vacation with his parents on Northwest street.

Miss Emily Farrabaugh of Albany, N. Y., with Miss Eleanor A. Kneeland of Newport, R. I., are guests of friends in this city for two weeks.

Hazen Philbrick of Cambridge, Mass., is passing a few days in this city as the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Lillian Philbrick, of Congress street.

Arthur Tisdale, who for some months past has been employed at Amesbury, Mass., has secured a position with G. B. Chadwick & Co. of this city.

LITTLEFIELD-DENNETT.

The marriage of ex Councilman William J. Littlefield and Miss Lottie M. Dennett occurred at six Thursday evening at the Court street Christian parsonage on Daniel street. The bride was attended by Miss Georgine Dennett and the best man was Charles G. Fernald. After a brief bridal trip they will reside at No. 1 Brewster street.

OBITUARY.

William Pinder died at his home on High street this morning at the age of forty eight years. He leaves a wife.



THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have raised the flag of low prices in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices than ever before.

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You Know That

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Makes His Own High Grade

CANDIES.

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WIND MILLS TANKS AND PUMPS

Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

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ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION

EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK

Steam, Hot Water and Hot

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ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

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BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldridge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

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